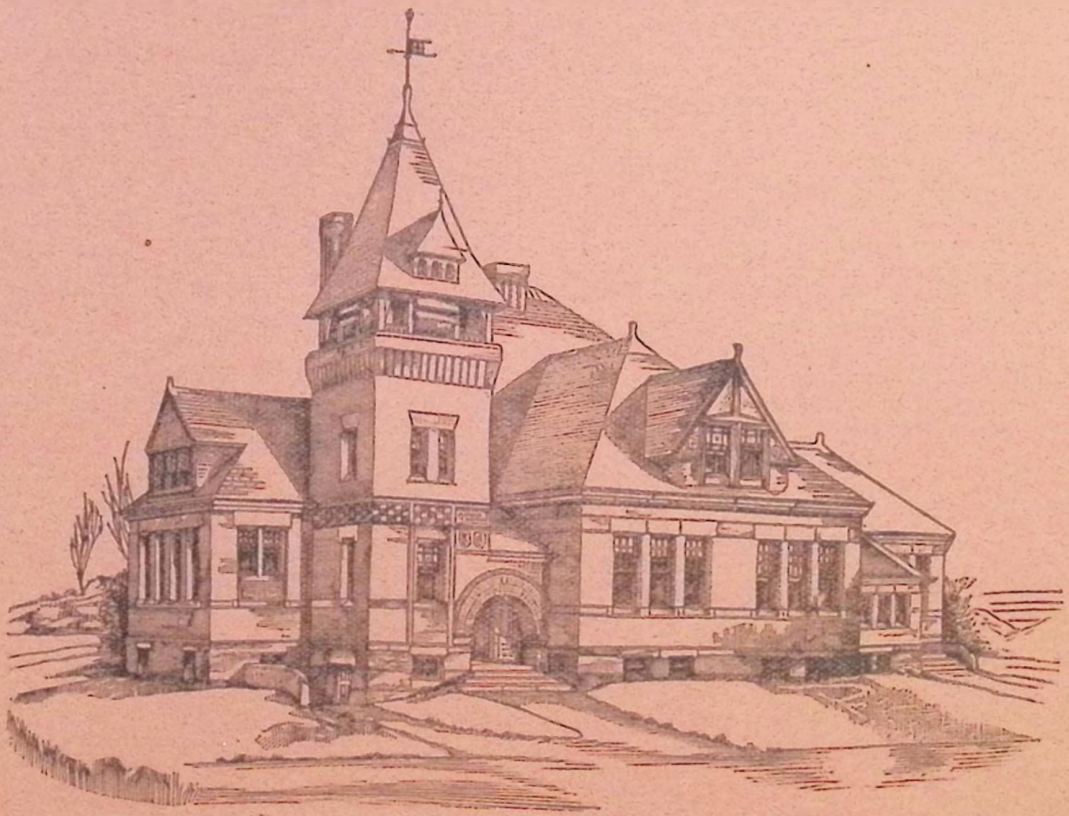
# The Tripod.

VOL. III. THORNTON ACADEMY, SACO, ME., JUNE, 1890. NO. 7.



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CHORUS.

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# The Tripod.

VOL. III. THORNTON ACADEMY, SACO, ME., JUNE, 1890. NO. 7.

## School Days.

One more year of school has ended,
One of life has ended, too;
Can we each, on looking backward,
Say, "To duty I've been true"?

Have we tried to learn our lessons,
To obey our teachers' rule,
To be each a faithful student,
Every day while in this school?

Scarcely one a day remembers,
That has not some task undone,
That has not some unlearned lesson,
Or some labor just begun.

Ah! how many precious moments,
Ah! how many golden hours,
Have in idleness been wasted,
Thrown away like withered flowers.

But alas! The year is ended.
Oh, that we might live it o'er
To perform the little duties
We have left undone before.

But next year if in the school room
We, as in the days gone past,
Meet again, we'll work more nobly,
Work for victory at last.

Though we leave the past with longing,
And a sigh "It might have been,"
Let us meet new tasks with courage,
Let us try and try again.

G. M. L.

## Eden Garden.

Eden Garden, which I am about to describe, is by far the prettiest place that I have ever seen. Strolling by moonlight through its many paths one can easily imagine himself in that old Eden whose beauties are described to us in Sunday school. It must be seen to be appreciated, for no pen can do it justice.

This nineteenth century Eden is a very large public park in the city of Calcutta, and is separated by a smooth, wide esplanade from the bank of the Hooghly river, one of the mouths of the Ganges. It is triangular in shape, covering about twenty-five acres, and was opened by the Prince of Wales while on a visit in India in 1876. The paths are very numerous and each one leads to some pleasant surprise. Some of the walks are bounded on the sides by shrubbery so dense that it is impossible to see into it more than a foot. Here and there are mounds consisting of different kinds of trees and bushes trimmed in such a way as to resemble small hills. These are about twenty feet high and two or three hundred feet in circumference, and look very pretty rising in the center of a grass plot. Nearly all kinds of palm trees grow there, among them the royal palm, by far the most graceful of all, and the palm whose leaf carries back the mind of the Yankee to a hot Sunday morning in a country meeting-house. There are a few clumps, thirty feet in circumference, of bamboos growing so closely together that one can thrust a cane between them but a few inches. What a rank vegetation is that!

But the upper part of the Garden, that side next the esplanade, is the most resorted to; here is a large open space—I may say a great lawn—with sparkling fountains, a band-stand from which a band concert is given from six to eight o'clock every pleasant evening, and seats enough to accommodate a great number of people. This portion is lighted by electricity, and the rest by gas. No smoking is allowed inside the gates between the hours of five and eight P. M. Here the best people gather in the evening and sit talking, or promenade on the grass to popular airs and "God save the Queen." It seems very strange that this grass is never worn down, notwithstanding the great amount of walking on it.

An old Burmese temple with all its belongings is an interesting attraction; it was brought in sections from Burmah, and placed in its present position in 1857. It is almost forty feet in height, and is literally covered with curiously

designed carvings, which it must have taken many years to execute. At each side of this temple are two monsters, with hideous human heads and serpents' or dragons' bodies, many feet in length, and made of some stonelike material. I used to sit on a fore foot of one of these inanimate gods, and watch the moon rise over the tree-tops and cast its wake upon the waters of a pond hard by. This was the best picture I have ever seen, and, if any of my friends ever go to Calcutta, my most earnest desire is for them to pass a moonlight evening in Eden Garden. The view from the right foot of the homely god with the wistful countenance is the best.

## School Hours.

It has been suggested, and we think wisely, that next year school begin at eight o'clock instead of its present later hour. In the fall and spring terms this could easily be accomplished, and the winter term beginning at half-past eight would be early enough. Many schools have these hours and prefer them to the later ones.

Some will argue that it is too early, but we know that a number of our students come now at eight or before it, and there are few who do not come before half-past eight. This change would necessarily keep away those "forerunners of school-time" who come an hour or three-quarters of an hour before school commences, and who often become such an inconvenience to the teachers.

This, too, would stop our lunches at school, except, perhaps, "a bite" at the second recess, for we could reach home by half-past one, in time for a hot dinner. Then there would be no need of the long recess, a shorter one would do as well.

In fact this plan seems to effectually shorten school hours and is worth consideration. Let us bear it in mind during our vacation.

C. SNOBBS.

The Juniors have been appointed to take charge of decorating the hall for graduation, in order to relieve the Seniors from the usual hard work on graduation day.

## The Vaulting Half Hundred.

Twenty steps, twenty steps,
Twenty steps downward,
Into the gymnasium
Strode the half hundred.

Into the gymnasium
Strode the half hundred,
For up came an order, and
No one had blunder'd;
"Forward, the School Brigade!
Take bars!" Professor said.
Into the gymnasium
Strode the half hundred.

"Forward, the School Brigade!"
No one was there dismayed,
Not though the boys feared
Some one had blunder'd;
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do or try;
Into the gymnasium
Strode the half hundred.

Chest weights to right of them,
Chest weights to left of them,
Punch-ball in front of them,
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Stormed at with shout and yell,
Boldly they vault and well,
'Scaping the jaws of Death,
While not a hero fell,
Noble half hundred!

Nothing do they despair,
Backward they turn in air,
And, nobly vaulting there,
Halt like an army, while
All the school wonder'd;
Then with a desperate stroke,
Whirled they like battery smoke,
Until their hold they broke;
Then they strode back,—but not,
Not the half hundred.

Chest weights to right of them,
Chest weights to left of them,
Punch-ball behind them,
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Stormed at with shout and yell,
Boldly they vault and well,
'Scaping the jaws of Death,
While only Pingree fell,
And then they strode back,
All that was left of them,
Of the half hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild vaults they made!
All the school wondered.
Honor the young and brave!
Honor the School Brigade,
Noble half hundred!

L. S. H.

## Daniel Pratt, G. A. T.

Men are made famous in three ways. First by becoming towers of strength by the work which they have done. Under this head we may include great statesmen, great orators, inventors or leaders in warfare. Such men usually occupy the high places in the pages of history, and deserve the honor conferred on them, because they have earned the eminence by honest labor. The second class embraces men of exactly the opposite stamp; they are famous for their evil deeds, and their reward is a just censure of condemnation, and while their names are recorded in history, it is not from honor but with greater condemnation. Between these two classes there is a third rank which is filled with men who are famous not for great good, or great evil, or for anything especial, but because they are extremely eccentric, and become the well known "characters" which are seen in every town and every country.

One of the most famous, and at the same time most curious of these eccentricities is Daniel Pratt, the Great American Traveler.

According to his own statement Daniel was born in Chelsea, Mass., April 11th, 1809 (he died a year or two since.) He was a peculiar man in appearances, always "seedy" in dress, invariably crowned with a tall hat, of thin, wirey frame, smooth face, at least so far as beard is concerned, but not free from wrinkles. His expression was always worried, at times when all hands were screaming with laughter, Daniel preserved the same serious look. The Great American Traveller was his favorite title, and certainly he deserved it, for he spent his life in migrating from one part of the country to another, and always for the purpose of convincing the multitudes of the wisdom of his plans. He was a politician; his hopes were two, to be President of the United States, and to teach the Americans the valuable lessons which he possessed. He was often discouraged. He claimed to have travelled over 200,000 miles. including nineteen visits to Washington. He distributed over 200,000 circulars, delivered thousands of speeches, helped in politics for thirty or forty years, and yet he says "I have not made money enough from all the above labors to purchase salt to put on an animalcule's eyeball." No wonder he was discouraged.

Daniel was especially fond of visiting newspaper offices, and educational institutions. Most of the colleges have been visited by him repeatedly, and the graduates of a few years standing recall him as the "sure-to-return" character. Sometimes a speech from Daniel was amusing, but one usually sufficed, as the joke became monotonous when repeated, but Daniel did not see it so, and if the audience could be once found he would return every day for a week to keep the ball rolling. The subjects of his orations never had the small pox, for the oration was never known to catch anything from the subject. His subjects were unique at times, for example the following:

"The Intellectual Zenith of a Principle;
or, the Origin of all Valuables."

Daniel will be seen and heard no more, but some of his writings are extant, and a few lines quoted may serve to show what the student of today has lost in the death of the famous orator.

The following are from his famous work on "The Saving Properties of the Solar System." "All the operations of materialisms and the human mind may be traced to education, the power of habit, SINE QUININE. The world of mankind has been six thousand years educating into a muddle fuddled, stultified pandemonium condition, from ignorance, discord and war with the natural laws." * * *

"The thirty-seven states and ten territories are not one thousand millionth part developed into genuine faith and works, and a discriminating protective tariff guards against superfluous superfluities." It would undoubtedly give pleasure to Daniel, were he alive, to know that the new states have been admitted, and that Congress is seriously considering other burning questions for which he lived and died.

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One young lady of the Sophomore class was heard to remark that there are two things in this world which she dislikes—being hit on the head with the Indian clubs, and trying on dresses. We have not found anyone who disagrees with her.

# The Tripod.

THORNTON ACADEMY.

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MARY A. BOWERS, '89, - - - MANAGING EDITOR.

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GEORGE C. LITTLEFIELD, 90.
FRED A. LORD, '91.
ALICE G. MILLIKEN, '91.
GEORGE S. BEAN, '92.
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With this number the TRIPOD completes its third volume, and the present board of editors and officers ends its year's work. This work has, indeed, been interesting. One of the pleasantest features is receiving exchanges, and becoming acquainted with the "manners and customs" of other schools all over the United States. This alone is quite an argument for a school paper.

Although the paper has been more successful, financially at least, than we expected, there are many things that we should like to have done had circumstances permitted, but which we must leave for our successors. If the paper could be made larger we would suggest the addition of a good exchange column, and an alumni department, with editors for each. But if this cannot be, keep the paper as it is, for a small one is better than none.

To all who have aided us in carrying out our work, either by writing, advertising, subscribing, or exchanging, we extend our sincere thanks, and to next year's editorial staff, best wishes for the success of volume four.

Back numbers of the TRIPOD, excepting the first one, December, may be obtained of the Business Manager, or by leaving word at Kendrick's or Stackpole's.

As this is the last number of the TRIPOD which will be issued under the present management, it would be a great convenience to the Business Manager if the students who still owe for papers would hand in their money promptly, either to one of their class editors, or to the Business Manager himself.

We have received the following new exchanges since our last issue:

*Rockford Herald*, Rockford, Ill.
*Willamette Collegian*, Salem, Oregon.
*Seminary Echo*, Willmar, Minn.
*Tuinks*, Wilmington, Del.
*The Farrago*, Mt. Juliet, Tenn.
*Boys' and Girls' News*, Avon, N. Y.

## Ode.

Friends, who deign to read our TRIPOD,
And its humble verses scan,
With regret we now must bid you
Farewell till we meet again.

For seven months we've all endeavored,
By our columns you to please;
And if you have felt in bondage,
Now your chains we will release.

Time so swiftly rolls her chariot,
That unheeded she goes by,
Bearing in her train the moments,
Out of reach of ear or eye.

Yes, she bears them far beyond us,
To the ne'er returning past,
Where they from their life-long prison,
O'er us spectral shadows cast.

But as to the tree is added
Each succeeding year its ring,
So may to the TRIPOD'S columns
Every year improvement bring.

Till at last, as time speeds onward
In its ne'er relaxing pace,
As the greatest of school papers
May the TRIPOD gain its place.

A. M.

We now look forward to a long vacation in which to do nothing. We fear this change will be too great for some of the students.

## More Quotations.

Mr. E. S——n.
"A light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove."

Miss L. C——k.
"In thy wisdom make me wise."

Miss E. L——l.
"Everybody's favorite."

Miss N. H——l.
"I leave thy praises unexpressed."

Mr. C. S——n.
"As merry as the day is long."

Miss C——s.
"Oh how this discord affects my soul."

Miss L——y.
"Reproof on her lips, but a smile
In her eyes."

Mr. D. O——n.
"Sweet shall your welcome be."

'90.

M. P——r.
"I seem half shamed at times to be so tall."

H. M——n.
"But now farewell. I am going a long way."

'91.

E. H——l.
"Faultily faultless, icily regular.

A. M——n.
"None know thee but to love thee,
None name thee but to praise."

E. C——e.
"She reasons without plodding along,
And never gave her judgment wrong."

B. S——r.
"Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax
Her cheeks like the dawn of day."

E. H——y.
"Man delights not me, no, nor woman either."

H. B——r.
"There is a Place in childhood
That I remember well."

M. F——s.
"She hath a beaming eye
But none knows for whom it beameth."

'92.

J. W——h.
"Unthinking, idle, wild and young,
She laughed and talked and danced and sung."

L. D——g
"But oh! she dances such a way."

L. M——l.
"One praised her ankle, one her eyes,
One her soft hair and lovesome mien."

E. K——y.
"All graceful head, so richly curled."

G. L——e.
"I wish I were some mighty poetess."

L. L——b.
"Wise in actions great and rare,
But scorns on trifles to bestow her care."

C. C——e.
"Calm as a summer sea—cold as an iceberg."

I. D——t.
"She's so learned in all things and fond of concerning
Herself in all matters connected with learning."

M. B——m.
"She seems to be in some Brown study."

G. M——h.
"My library is dukedom enough."

A. F——s.
"She is not seventeen but she is tall and stately."

J. G——n.
"I'll have a change of suits for every day in the year."

'93.

L. P——y.
"She struck the keys, and music made
That mocked all skill."

C. W——r.
"Fashioned so slenderly, young and so fair."

B. B——t.
"Braided was her hair, soft her look and modest,
Slim her little waist, comfortably bodiced."

S. M——n.
"As gay as any."

G. L——l.
"Methinks there's little melancholy there."

'89.

M. B——s.
"When serious, easy and when gay discreet."

J. J——n.
"So light of foot, so light of spirit."
Cadets.
"So we'll go no more a roving
So late into the night,"
Tripod.
"And what is writ is writ—
Would it were worthier!"

## Poor Sophomore.

But naught to me comes morn or dewy eve,
Or noonday sun when soft the breezes blow,
I cannot roam amid the flowering fields—
For we study, in the 3rd class, CICERO!

I cannot go to sociables at church,
Where cake and coffee free as water flow,
Although I may get home at 10 o'clock—
For me study, in the 3rd class, CICERO!

And so it seems to me (I may be wrong)
Of life full half the pleasures I forego,
And all because it is my lot to be
In the 3rd class, where we study CICERO!

## A Farmer's Soliloquy.

Wall! My darter's got home from the city,
Where she's been fur most tew year,
Gittin a heap of book larnin,
And all sich stuff that's so queer.

She wuz a sensible gal when she went there,
And could dew all the work round the house,
But since she's got back from the city,
She'll faint at the sight of a mouse.

Last night she went into the pantry,
Some butter to git from the tub,
When she heerd a rat or some critter,
A helpin itself to cold grub.

Wall! The way she shot out or thet pantry
Would hev shamed all the trains on the road,
'Twas like a muel kickin free from its fetters,
Or a flint lock when firing its load.

She screeched like a crazy steam whistle,
Till it lifted the hair on my head,
And I'll bet could old Mozes hev heerd it,
'Twould hev riz him rite up frum the dead.

Now it chanced that a priggish young feller,
Who had courted her while gone away,
And who couldn't bear to be parted,
Had cum tew our house thet same day.

He wuz gittin sum milk when it happened,
And cum mighty near droppin a pan,
But he sot it down quicker than lightnin,
And sprang for tew ketch Sally Ann.

I've since then most busted a-larfin,
Not concerning howe'er his affections,
But becos my wife wuz a rushin
Tew ketch her frum another direction.

He wuz blinded by love or by sumpthin,
And didn't see her sink down on the rug,
So he stretched out his arms to embrace her,
But he got the old lady to hug.

* * * * * * * *

That feller went back to the city,
And haint been here tew this day;
Mebbe he went off and kilt himself,
And mebbe he didn't,—can't say.

I didn't mind his courtin and flirtin,
The goin out nites and thet such,
But when he hugged the old lady,
I thort 'twas a little tew much.

F. H. B., '92.

---

Scene in the Philosophy recitation. Miss W. "Double refraction is making things appear double." Mr. S. "Hem! Well, sometimes alcohol makes things appear double." Master B. "Mr. Sampson, did you ever try that experiment?"

## Lights and Shades.

There are lights and shades in everything we look at, but perhaps in nothing else are there so many as in our own lives. Some people have more lights in their lives than others, and some more shades; and a great deal of the lighting and shading, in fact, almost all of it, lies in our own hands.

There are always two sides of anything to look on: the bright and the dark, and he who has the gift of always looking on the bright side of things, is blessed indeed.

Habit, the great starting point of almost everything, is also the starting point of these lights and shades.

A story is told of old an lady, well known as the most optimistic person for miles around where she lived. Her grand-daughter laughingly said, one day,

"I do believe grandma could find something good in Satan himself."

"Certainly, my dear," returned the good soul, calmly, "if we all had Satan's courage and perseverance we should be truly worthy of praise." She had always been in the habit of saying a good word for everyone, and consequently everyone came to love and respect her. To her, life had many more lights than shades.

But

"Some murmur when their sky is clear,
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear,
In their great heaven of blue."

Look at a beautiful painting in what is called "a poor light." It seems all one ugly blur. How quickly you change your position to see the picture in its most favorable light. If we would only do just that in everything! Change our position, and see the matter in its most favorable light!

But suppose there were no shading in a picture, would we not say at once, that the picture lacked something, which spoiled the whole thing? It is just so in life. It would seem tame, and hardly worth living if there were no troubles to bear, if all were smoothness. And in life, as in art, the shades help to beautify the lights, and we could not do without either of them.

COMPOSITION, G. B. L.

## Tripod Trifles.

If you would very wise become,
And learnéd more than learnéd some,
And gain good knowledge by the ton,
Mixed now and then with bits of fun,
Why then—to Thornton Academy come.

Floyd, '92, has joined the Tennis Club.

In Virgil Lord often talks about *huge tears*.

This spring weather begins to affect the lessons.

It is very clear that one Place is generally vacant in the French class.

A new use has been assigned to the shuttlecocks, to dust the dumb-bells.

A good thing to read this summer is "Black Beauty," the "Uncle Tom's Cabin" of the horse, by Anna Sewall.

Why is Webber like the little Esquimaux that lives away up at the cold North Pole? Because he likes 'lasses.

Miss Sawyer, '93, has given us the valuable information that the sign of inequality is like a *carrot* placed sideways.

The girls have started a drill by music with Indian clubs under management of Capt. Stacy. Their progress is remarkable.

Miss Y—, '93, thinks that she would like to carry one of those "breast plates" home. Who would dream that she meant *chest weights?*

Deering appeared one day in his base ball suit, but the effect upon the opposite sex was so great, that he has never dared don it again.

One of the editors of the class of '92 reasons that, as the Greek cross is the sign of addition, the sign of multiplication must be the Latin cross.

One of the Greek class, '92, translates, "The Cilician queen *flew* from her chariot." Hovey says that the queen was an angel, so the translation is not so bad after all.

B—n, '92, was overheard to remark the other day, that if there are two things he loves it is "squash pie and girls." We wish to ask if he thinks the two alike. Girls (T. A. girls) are always sweet, but are they also soft? Well, boys! We leave that for you to decide.

Don't forget us next year, Seniors. *Vale.*

One of the Sophomores talks of "goslings of old age."

Bickford, '93, has left school, and is now working in the Journal office.

The class of '92 has dropped English Literature and will devote the time to Geometry. They have taken up ten authors this year.

The report of the battle fought at O. O. June 8, between members of the Doolittle Club of T. A. and the United Order of Bloodthirsty Mosquitoes is startling in the extreme. At 10.15 the advance attachment of the U. O. B. M. made the first attack, but were repulsed. With the aid of reinforcements they made a second attack and gained a splendid victory. The battle lasted till day-break, great damage being done both sides. U. O. B. M. lost 34 killed, 124 wounded, and two million and twenty-three escaped unharmed. Loss to Doolittle Club, one fatally injured, three disfigured for life.

The 2nd Literature class is raising a subscription to get Lord some playthings.

The collection will include
A rubber ring, two yards of string,
A toy horse with reins.
A base ball bat, a paper hat,
A whistle and candy canes.
If these fail to please him
They beg leave to excuse him.

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